

THE
JOVIAL CREW.
A
COMIC-OPERA.

As it is Performed at the
THEATRE-ROYAL
in COVENT-GARDEN.

THE SECOND EDITION.



L O N D O N:
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Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

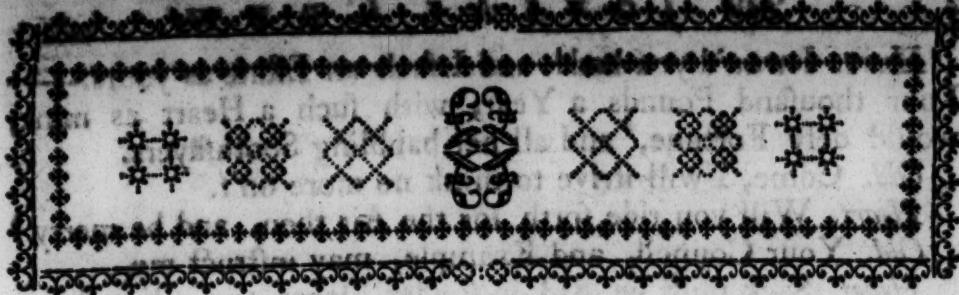
Oldrents,	Mr. Sparks.
Hearty,	Mr. Beard.
Springlove,	Mr. Clarke.
Randal,	Mr. Dunstal.
Oliver,	Mr. Dyer.
Vincent,	Mr. Mattocks.
Hilliard,	Mr. Lowe.
Justice Clack,	Mr. Shuter.
Patrico,	Mr. Marten.
Martin,	Mr. R. Smith.
Sentwell,	Mr. Gibbs.
First Beggar-man,	Mr. Bennet.
Second Beggar-man,	Mr. Baker.
Third Beggar-man,	Mr. Costollo.
Fourth Beggar-man,	Mr. Barrington.
Fifth Beggar-man,	Mr. Holtom.
Sixth Beggar-man,	Mr. Collins.

W O M E N.

Rachel,	Miss Brent.
Meriel,	Mrs. Vincent.
Amie,	Mrs. Baker.
First Beggar-woman,	Mrs. Stephens.
Second Beggar-woman,	Miss Sledge.
Third Beggar-woman,	Miss Mullart.
Fourth Beggar-woman,	Miss Young.

Dancers, Countrymen, Servants, and Beggars.

S C E N E Oldrents' and Justice Clack's House, and
the Country adjacent.



T H E
J O V I A L C R E W.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

SCENE *A Room in Oldrents' House.*

Enter Oldrents and Hearty.

Old. **I**T has indeed, Friend, much afflicted me.

Heart. And very justly, let me tell you, Sir, to give Ear, and Faith too (by your Leave) to Fortune-tellers! Wizards! and Gypsies.

Old. I have since been frighted with it, in a thousand Dreams.

Heart. I wou'd go drunk a thousand times to Bed, rather than dream of any of their *Riddlemy Riddlemeries*.

A I R I.

To-day let us never be Slaves,

Nor the Fate of To-morrow enquire:

Old Wizards, and Gypsies, are Knaves,

And the Devil, we know, is a Lyar.

Then drink off a Bumper whilst you may,

We'll laugh, and we'll sing, tho' our Hairs are grey;

He's a Fool, and an Ass,

That will balk a full Glass,

For fear of another Day.

Old. Wou'd I had your merry Heart!

Heart. I thank you, Sir!

Old. I mean the like.

2 *The Jovial Crew.*

Heart. I wou'd you had! and I such an Estate as yours.----
Four thousand Pounds a Year, with such a Heart as mine,
would defy Fortune, and all her babbling Soothsayers.

Old. Come, I will strive to think no more on't.

Heart. Will you ride forth for the Air then, and be merry?

Old. Your Council, and Example, may instruct me.

Heart. Sack must be had in sundry Places too. For Songs
I am provided.

AIR II.

In Nottinghamshire,
Let 'em boast of their Beer;
With a Hay-down, down, and a down!
I'll sing in the Praise of good Sack:
Old Sack, and old Sherry,
Will make your Heart merry,
Without e'er a Rag to your Back.

Then cast away Care,
Bid Adieu to Despair,
With a Down, down, down, and a down!
Like Fools, our own Sorrows we make:
In spight of dull thinking,
While Sack we are drinking,
Our Hearts are too busy to ach.

Enter Springlove, with Books and Papers, and a Bunch of
Keys. He lays them on a Table.

Old. Yet here comes one, brings me a second Fear, who has
my Care next unto my Children.

Heart. Your Steward, Sir, it seems, has Business with you:
I wish you would have none with him.

Old. I'll soon dispatch it, and then be for our Journey in-
stantly.

Heart. I'll wait your coming down, Sir. [Exit.]

Old. But, why, Springlove, is now this Expedition?

Spr. Sir, 'tis Duty.

Old. Not common among Stewards, I confess, to urge in
their Accompts before the Day their Lords have limited.

Spr. Sir, your Indulgence, I hope, shall ne'er corrupt me.---
Here, Sir, is the Balance of the several Accompts, which shewa
you what remains in Cash; which added to your former Bank,
makes up in all —

Old. Twelve thousand and odd Pounds.

Spr.

Spr. Here are the Keys of all: The Chests are safe in your own Closet.

Old. Why in my Closet! Is not yours as safe?

Spr. O Sir! you know my Suit.

Old. Your Suit! what Suit?

Spr. Touching the Time of Year.

Old. 'Tis well nigh *May*: Why, what of that, *Springlove*? [Birds sing.]

Spr. Oh Sir! you hear I am call'd!

Old. Are there Delights in Beggary? Or if to take Diversity of Air, be such a Solace, travel the Kingdom over; and if this yield not Variety enough, try farther (provided your Deportment be genteel) take Horse, and Man, and Money, you have all, or I'll allow enough. [Nightingale, Cuckow, &c. sing.]

Spring. Oh, how am I confounded! Dear Sir, return me naked to the World, rather than lay those Burdens on me, which will stifle me. I must abroad, or perish.—Have I your Leave, Sir?

Old. I leave you to dispute it with yourself: I have no Voice to bid you go, or stay. [Exit.]

Spr. I am confounded in my Obligations to this good Man.

Enter Randal, and three or four Servants with Baskets.

The Servants go off.

Now, Fellows, what News from whence you came?

Rand. The old wonted News, Sir, from your Guest-House, the old Barn: They have all pray'd for you, and our Master, as their Manner is, from the Teeth outward: Marry? from the Teeth inwards, 'tis enough to swallow your Alms, from whence I think, their Prayers seldom come.

Spr. Thou'rt old *Randal* still! ever grumbling! but still officious for 'em.

Rand. Yes, hang 'em, they know I love 'em well enough: I have had merry Bouts with some of 'em.

A I R III.

And he that will not merry, merry be,
With a pretty Lass in a Bed;
I wish he were laid in our Church-yard,
With a Tomb-stone over his Head.
He, if he cou'd, to be merry, merry there,
We, to be merry, merry here;
For who does know, where we shall go
To be merry another Year,
Brave Boys! to be merry another Year.

The Jovial Court.

Spr. Well, honest Randal! thus it is _____ I am for a Journey: I know not how long will be my Absence: But I will presently take Order with the Cook and Butler, for my wonted Allowance to the Poor. And I will leave Money with them to manage the Affair till my Return.

Rand. Then up rise Randal, Bailey of the Beggars. [Exeunt.

SCENE a Barn.

The Beggars are discover'd in their Postures: Then they issue forth, and at last the Patricio.

Enter Springlove.

All the Beggars. Our Master! our Master! our sweet and comfortable Master!

Spr. How chear, my Hearts?

I Beg. Most crowse! most caperingly! shall we Dance & shall we Sing to welcome our King?

AIR IV.

1 Beg. Wom. Tho' all are discontented grown,
And fain wou'd change Conditions;

The Courtier envies now the Clown,
The Clowns turn Politicians.

2 Beg. Wom. Ambition still is void of Wit,
And makes a woful Figure:
For none of 'em all e'er envy'd yet,
The Life of a Jovial Beggar.

Chor. Ambition still, &c.

3 Beg. Wom. The Man that hourly wracks his Brain,
To encrease his useless Store,
Still dreads a Fall, and lives in Pain,
While we can fall no lower.

4 Beg. Wom. The Dame of rich Attire that brags,
Wou'd willingly unrig her:
Did she but know the Joys of Rags,
And the Life of a Jovial Beggar.

Chorus of all. The Dame, &c.

Spr. What, is he there? that solemn old Fellow?

2 Beg. Man. O Sir! the rarest Man of all! He is a Prophet; see how he holds up his Prognosticating Nose: He is Divining now.

Spr. How! a Prophet!

2 Beg.

2 Beg. Man. Yes, Sir, a Cunning-man, and a Fortune-teller,
 'Tis thought he was a great Clerk before his Decay; but he is
 very close, will not tell his Beginning, nor the Fortune he
 himself is fallen from. But he serves us for a Clergyman
 still, and marries us, if need be, after a new Way of his own.

Spr. How long have you had his Company?

2 Beg. Man. But lately come among us, but a very ancient
 Stroler all the Land over; and has travell'd with Gypsies, and
 is a Patricio.—Shall he read your Fortune, Sir?

Spr. If it please him.

Pat. Lend me your Hand, Sir.

By this Palm, I understand.

Thou art born to Wealth and Land:

And after many a bitter Gust,

Shall build with thy great Grandfere's Dust,

Spr. Where shall I find it? But come, I'll not trouble my
 Head with the Search.

2 Beg. Man. What say you, Sir, to our Crew, are we not
 well congregated?

Spr. You are a Jovial Crew! the only People whose Happiness
 I admire.

3 Beg. Man. Will you make us happy in serving you? Have
 you any Enemies? Shall we fight under ye? Will you be our
 Captain?

2 Beg. Man. Nay, our King!

3 Beg. Man. Command us something, Sir!

Spr. Where's the next Rendezvous?

1 Beg. Man. Neither in Village, nor in Town,

But three Miles off, at Maple-down.

Spr. At Evening, there I'll visit you.

1 Beg. Man. And there you'll find us frolick.

A I R V.

1 Beg. Man. We'll glad our Hearts with the best of our Beer,
 Our Spirits we'll raise with his Honour's strong Beer;
 All Strangers to Hope, and regardless of Fear,
 We'll make this the merriest Night of the Year.

Chor. The Year, we'll make this the merriest Night of the Year.

2 Beg. Man. Nor Sorrow, nor Pain, amongst us shall be found,
 To our Master's good Health shall the Cup be crown'd,
 That long he may live, and in Bliss abound,
 Shall be ev'ry Man's Wish, while the Bowl goes round.

Chor. Goes, round, shall be every Man's Wish, &c.

3 Beg.

2 Beg. Man. *Our Wants we can't help, nor our Poverty cure ;
To-morrow mayn't come, of To-night we'll make sure,
We'll laugh, and lye down, altho' we poor,
And our Love shall remain, tho' the Wolf's at the Door.*

Chor. *The Door, and our Love, &c.*

4 Beg. Man. *Then brisk, and smart, shall our Mirth go round,
With Antick Measures we'll beat the Ground,
To pleasure our Master in Duty bound,
We'll dance, 'till we're Lame, and drink 'till we're Sound.*

Chor. *We're Sound, we'll Dance, &c.*

Spr. So, now away ! [Exeunt Beggars.

They dream of Happiness that live in State,
But they enjoy it, that obey their Fate. [Exit.

S C E N E, Oldrents' House.

Enter Vincent, Hilliard, Meriel, and Rachel.

Hill. I admire the Felicity they take.

Vin. Beggars ! they are the only People can boast the Benefit of a Free State, in the full Enjoyment of Liberty, Mirth, and Ease. Who would have lost this Sight of their Revels ? How think you, Ladies ? Are they not the only Happy in a Nation ?

Mer. Happier than we, I'm sure, that are pent up, and ty'd by the Nose to the continual Stream of hot Hospitality here in our Father's House, when they have the Air at Pleasure in all Variety.

A I R VI.

*In the charming Month of May,
When the pretty little Birds begin to sing :
What a shame at Home to stay,
Nor enjoy the smiling Spring ?
While the Beggar that looks forlorn,
Tho' she's not so nobly born,
With her Rags all patch'd and torn,
While she dances and sings with the merry Men and Maids,
In her smiling Eyes you may trace
And her innocent cheerful Face ;
Tho' she's poor, may be
More happy than she
That sighs in her rich Brocades.*

Rach.

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Rach. And tho' I know we have merrier Spirits than they,
yet to live thus confin'd, stifles me.

AIR VII.

See how the Lambs are sporting!
Hear how the Warblers sing!
See how the Doves are courting!
All Nature hails the Spring.
Let us embrace the Blessing,
Beggars alone are free;
Free from Employment,
There Life is Enjoyment
Beyond expressing;
Happy they wander,
And happy sleep under
The Greenwood Tree.

Hill. Why, Ladies, you have Liberty enough, or may take what you please.

Mar. Yes, in our Father's Rule and Government, or by his Allowance: What's that to absolute Freedom? Such as the very Beggars have; to feast and revel here to-day, and yonder to-morrow; next Day, where they please; and so on still, the whole Country or Kingdom over. There's Liberty! the Birds of the Air can take no more.

Rach. And then, at Home here, or wheresoever he comes, our Father is so pensive (what muddy Spirit fo-e'er possesses him, wou'd I cou'd conjure't out) that he makes us ever sick of his Sadness, that were wont to do any thing before him, and he would laugh at us.

Mer. Now he never looks upon us, but with a Sigh, or Tears in his Eyes, tho' we simper never so demurely. What Tales have been told him of us, or what he suspects, I know not, but I am weary of his House.

Rach. Does he think us wanton, tro, because sometimes we talk as lightly as great Ladies?

AIR

AIR

The JOURNAL OF W.

good and evil? wherein stand we now? I don't know. And
A.I.R. VIII.

*How sweet is the Evening Air,
When the Lasses all prepare,
So trim and so clean,
To trip it o'er the Green,
And meet with their Sweet-hearts there!
While the pale Town Lad
Disguises her Face,
To squeak at a Masquerade;
Where the proudest Prude
May be subdued,
And when she cries, You're rude,
You may conclude
She will not die a Maid.*

Rach. I can swear safely for the Virginity of one of us, so far as Word and Deed goes.—*Marry,* Thoughts are free.

Mer. Which is that one of us, I pray? Your self, or me?

Rach. Good Sister *Meriel*, Charity begins at Home: But I'll swear, I think as charitably of thee, and not only because thou art a Year younger, neither.

Mer. I am beholden to you.—But dear *Rachel*, as the Saying is, a Detracting Look is no Security for Virtue. But for my Father, I would I knew his Grief, and how to cure him; or that we were where we cou'd not see it. It spoils our Mirth, and that has been better than his Meat to us.

Vinc. Will you hear our Proposal, Ladies?

Mer. Pshaw! you would marry us presently out of his Way, because he has given you a foolish kind of Promise: But we will see him in a better Humour first, and as apt to Laugh, as we to Lye-down, I warrant him.

Hill. 'Tis like that Course will cure him, would you embrace it.

Rach. We will have him cur'd first, I tell you, and you shall wait that Season, and our Leisure.

Mer. I will rather venture my being one of the *Ape-leaders*, than to marry while he is so melancholy.

Vinc. We are for any Adventure with you, Ladies.

Rach. And we will put you to't.—Come aside, *Meriel*. I remember an old Song of my Nurse's, every Word of which she believed as much as her *Psalter*, that us'd to make me long, when I was a Girl, to be abroad in a Moon-light Night.

AIR IX.

*At Night, by Moon-light, on the Plain,
With Rapture, how I've seen,
Attended by her harmless Train,
The little Fairy Queen :
Her midnight Revels sweetly keep,
While Mortals are involv'd in Sleep ;
They tript it o'er the Green.
And where they danc'd their cheerful Rounds,
The Morning would disclose,
For where their nimble Feet do bound,
Each Flow'r unbidden grows :
The Daify (fair as Maids in May)
The Cowslip, in his gold Array,
And blushing Violet 'rose.*

Mer. Come hither, *Rachel.*

Rach. { Ha, ha, ha !

Mer. { Ha, ha, ha !

Vinc. What's the Conceit, I wonder !

Rach. { Ha, ha, ha !

Hill. Some merry one it seems, but I'll never pretend to guess
at a Woman's Mind.

AIR X.

*The Mind of a Woman can never be known,
You never can guess it aright :
I'll tell you the Reason----She knows not her own,
It changes so often e'er Night.
'Twou'd puzzle Apollo,
Her Whimsies to follow,
His Oracle wou'd be a Jest ;
She'll frown when she's kind,
Then quickly you'll find,
She'll change with the Wind,
And often abuses
The Man that she chuses,
And what she refuses,
Likes best.*

Rach. And then, *Meriel*,----Hark again---Ha, ha, ha !

Vinc. How they are taken with it ?

C

Mer.

Mer. Ha, ha, ha! --- Hark again, *Rachael* --- I am of the Girl's Mind, who wou'd not take the Man she lik'd best, 'till she was sure he lov'd her well enough to live in a Cottage with her.

Both. Ha, ha, ha!

Vinc. Now, Ladies, is your Project ripe? Possess us with the Knowledge of it. You know how, and what we have vow'd; to wait upon you, any how, and any whither.

Mer. And you will stand to't?

Vinc. Ay, and go to't with you wherever it be. --- What say you, are you for a Trip to Bath?

Mer. No, no, not 'till the Doctor doesn't know what else to do with us.

Vinc. Well, would you be courted to go to London?

Rach. Few Country Ladies need be ask'd twice: But you're a bold Man to propose it.

A I R XI.

*How few, like you, wou'd dare advise,
To trust the Town's deluding Arts;
Where Love, in daily Ambush lies,
And triumphs over heedless Hearts:
How few, like us, wou'd thus deny
T'indulge the tempting dear Delight,
Where daily Pleasures charm the Eye,
And Joys superior crown the Night.*

Hill. In the Name of Wonder, what would you do?

Mer. Pray tell it 'em, Sister *Rachael*.

Rach. Why, Gentlemen---Ha, ha! --- Then thus it is--- You seem'd e'en now to admire the Felicity of Beggars.

Mer. And have engag'd your selves to join with us in any Course.

Rach. Will you now with us, and for our Sakes, turn Beggars?

Mer. It is our Resolution and our Injunction on you.

Rach. But for a Time, and a short Progress.

Mer. And for a Spring-Trick of Youth, now in the Season.

Vinc. Beggars! what Rogues, are these?

Hill. A simple Tryal of our Loves and Service!

Rach. Are you resolv'd upon't? If not, Farewel! We are resolv'd to take our Course.

Mer. Let yours be to keep Council.

Vinc. Stay, stay! Beggars! Are we not so already?

A I R XII.

Vinc. *We beg but in a higher Strain,
Than sordid Slaves, who beg for Gain.*
Hill. *No paltry Gold, or Gems, we want,
We beg what you alone can grant.*
Vinc. *No lofty Titles, no Renown,
But something greater than a Crown.*
Hill. *We beg not Wealth, or Liberty,*
Both. *We beg your humble Slaves to be.*

Vinc. *We beg your snowy Hands to kiss,
Or Lips, if you'd vouchsafe the Bliss.*
Hill. *And if our faithful Vows can move,
(What Gods might envy us) your Love.*
Vinc. *The Boon we beg, if you deny,
Our Fate's decreed, we pine and die.*
Hill. *For Life we beg, for Life implore,*
Both. *The poorest Wretch can beg no more.*

Rach. That will not serve---your Time's not come for that yet. You shall beg Victuals first.

Vince. O ! I conceive your Begging Progress is, to ramble out this Summer among your Father's Tenants.

Mer. No, no, not so.

Vinc. Why so we may be a kind of Civil Beggars.

Rach. I mean, stark, errant, downright Beggars. Ay, without Equivocation, Statute Beggars.

Mer. Couchant, and Passant, Guardant, and Rampant Beggars.

Vinc. Current and Vagrant.

Hill. Stockant and Whippant Beggars.

Vinc. 'Fore Heaven ! I think they were in Earnest ; for they were always mad.

Hill. And we were madder then they, if we should lose 'em.

Vinc. 'Tis but a mad Trick of Youth, as they say, for the Spring, or a short Progress ; and Mirth may be made out of it if we knew how to carry it.

Rach. Pray, Gentlemen, be sudden. [Cuckow without.] Hark ! you hear the Cuckow ?

A I R XIII.

Rach. *Abroad we must wander to hear the Birds sing,
To enjoy the fresh Air, and the Charms of the Spring.*
Mer. *We'll beg for our Bread, then if the Night's raw,
We'll keep ourselves warm on a Bed of clean Straw.*

Rach. How bleſt is the Beggar, who takes the freſh Air ?

Mer. Tho' hard is his Lodging, and course is his Fare.

Rach. Confinement is hateful-----

Mer. ----- And Pleasure destroys.

Both. 'Tis Freedom alone, is the Parent of Jays.

Enter Springlove.

Vinc. O ! here comes Springlove ! His great Benefactorſhip among the Beggars, might prefer us with Authority, into a ragged Regiment, presently. Shall I put it to him ?

Rach. Take heed what you do ! His Greatness with my Father will betray us.

Vinc. I will cut his Throat, then-----My noble Springlove ! the great Commander or the Maunders, and King of Canters : We ſaw the Gratitude of your Loyal Subjects, in the large Tributary Content they gave you in their Revels.

Spr. Did you fo, Sir ?

Hill. We have ſeen all, with great Delight and Admiration.

Spr. I have ſeen you too, kind Gentlemen and Ladies, and over-heard you in your ſtrange Deſign, to be Partakers. and Co-Actors too, in those vile Courses, which you call Delights, ta'en by thofe despicable and abhorred Creatures.

Vinc. Thou art a Despifer, nay a Blasphemer, againſt the Maker of thofe happy Creatures.

Rach. He grows zealous in the Caufe : Sure, he'll beg indeed,

Vinc. Art thou art Hypocrite, then, all this while ? only pre-tending Charity, or uſing it to get a Name and Praise unto thyfelf ; and not to cheriſh and increase thofe Creatures in their moft happy way of Living.

Mer. They are more zealous in the Caufe, than we.

Spr. But are you, Ladies, at Defiance too with Reputation, and the Dignity due to your Father's House, and you ?

Rach. Hold thy Peace, good Springlove ; and tho' you ſeem to diſlike this Discouſe, and reprove us for it, do not betray us in it. Your Throat's in Question ; I tell you for Good-Will, good Springlove.

Spr. I have founded your Faith, and am glad to find you all right. And for your Father's Sadneſs, I'll tell you the Caufe on't ; I over-heard it but this Day, in private Discouſe with his merry Mate, Hearty ; he has been told by ſome Wizzard, you both were born to be Beggars !

All. How ! how !

Spr. For which he is ſo tormented in Mind, that he cannot ſleep in Peace, nor look upon you, but with Heart's Grief.

Vinc. This is moft strange !

Raeb.

Rach. Let him be griev'd then, 'till we are Beggars, we have just Reason to become so now ; and what we thought on but in Jest before, we'll do in Earnest now.

Spr. I applaud this Resolution in you ; wou'd have persuaded it ; will be your Servant in't. For, lookye, Ladies ; the Sentence of your Fortune does not say that you shall Beg for Need, Hunger, or cold Necessity. If therefore you expose your selves on Pleasure into it, you shall absolve your Destiny, nevertheless, and cure your Father's Grief : I am overjoy'd to think ont ;—I am prepar'd already for the Adventure, and will with all Conveniences, furnish, and set you forth ; give you Rules, and Directions, how I us'd to accost Passengers, with a---
Good your good Worship ! the Gift of one small Penny to a poor Cripple, and even to bleſs, and restore it to you in Heaven.

All. A Springlove, a Springlove !

Spr. Follow me, Gallants, then, as chearful as--- [Birds whiſtle without] We are summon'd forth.

All. We follow thee.

A I R XIV.

Mer. To you, dear Father, and our Home,
We bid a short Adieu :
The tempting Frolick has o'ercome,
By Force of being New.
But let not that your Patience vex,
For, dear Papa, you know our Sex.
With a fal, la, &c.

Rach. Nor hope, good Sir, to spare your Coft,
Nor think our Fortune's paid ;
No Woman yet was ever lost,
Tho' sometimes ſhe's mis-laid :
For when the Pleasure turns to Pain,
Be ſure we ſhall come home again.
With a fal, la, &c.

The End of the First Act.



ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE continues.

Enter Randal, with a Bag of Money in his Hand.

Rand. **W**ELL, go thy Ways ! If ever any just and charitable Steward was commended, surely thou shalt be at the last Quarter-Day. Here's Five and twenty Pounds for this Quarter's *Beggars Charge* : And (if he return not by the End of this Quarter) here's Order to a Friend to supply for the next.——If I now should venture for the Commendation of an unjust Steward, and turn this Money to my own Use ? Ha ! dear Devil tempt me not ! I'll do thee Service in a greater Matter ; but to rob the Poor (a poor Trick) every *Church-Warden* can do't.——Now something whispers me, that my Master, for his Steward's Love, will supply the Poor, as I may handle the Matter---then I rob the Steward, if I restore him not the Money at his Return.———Away, Temptation ! leave me ! I'm frail Flesh, yet I will fight with thee.---But say the Steward never return---Oh ! but he will return !———Perhaps he may not return.---Turn from me, Satan ! strive not to clog my Conscience.———I wou'd not have this Weight upon me for all thy Kingdom.

Enter Hearty singing, and Oldrents.

AIR XV.

*Let Pleasure go round,
Let us laugh and sing, let us laugh and sing, Boys !
Let Humour abound.
And Joy fill the Day.
If Sorrow intrude,
Drive it out again, drive it out again, Boys !
If by Griefs we're pursu'd,
Let us drink 'em away ;
The Pleasure of Wines
Make a Mortal divine.
For get but a Bottle once into your Noddle
No Power, or Art,
Can such Virtue impart,
For raising the Spirits, and cheering the Heart.*

Remem-

Remember, Sir, your Covenant to be merry.

Old. I strive, you see, to be so.-----But do you see yon Fellow?

Heart. I never noted him so bad before; he neither sings, nor whistles.

Old. Why, how now, *Randal!* Where's *Springlove*?

Rand. Here's his Money, Sir; I pray that I be charg'd with it no longer. The Devil and I have strain'd Courteſie these two Hours about it.-----I would not be corrupted with the Trust of more than is my own. Mr. *Steward* gave it me, Sir, to order it for the Beggars: He has made me *Steward* of the *Barn*, and them; while he is gone, he says, a Journey, to ſurvey and measure Lands abroad about the Countries; ſome Purchase, I think, for your Worſhip.

Old. I know his Measuring of Land! He's gone his old Way, and let him go——Am not I merry, *Hearty*?

Heart. Yes, but not hearty merry.

Old. The Poor's Charge ſhall be mine: Carry you the Money to one of my Daughters, to keep for *Springlove*.

Rand. I thank your Worſhip.

[Exit.]

Old. He might have ta'en his Leave, tho'.

Heart. I hope he's run away with ſome large Trust: I never lik'd ſuch demure, down-look'd Fellows.

Old. You are deceiv'd in him.

Heart. If you be not, 'tis well.-----But this is from the Covenant.

Old. Well, Sir, I will be merry: I'm resolv'd to force my Spirit only unto Mirth.----Shou'd I hear, now my Daughters were miſ-led, or run away, I would not ſend a Sigh to fetch 'em back.

Heart. T'other old Song for that.

A I R XVI.

*There was an old Fellow at Waltham-Cross,
Who merrily fung when he liv'd by the Loss,
He cheer'd up his Heart when his Goods went to rack,
With a Hem! Boys, Hem! and a Cup of old Sack.*

Old. Is that the Way on't? Well, it ſhall be mine then.

Enter *Randal*.

Rand. My Miſtresses are both abroad, Sir.

Old. How! ſince when?

Rand.

Rand. On Foot, Sir, two Hours since, with the two Gentlemen their Lovers. Here's a Letter they left with the *Butler*, and there's a Mutt'ring in the House.

Old. I will not read, nor open it, but conceive within my self the worst that can befall them; that they are lost, and no more mine. Grief shall lose her Name, where I have Being, and Sadness from my farthest Foot of Land, while I have Life, be banish'd.

Heart. What's the Whim now!

Old. My Tenants shall sit Rent-free for this Twelvemonth, and all my Servants have their Wages doubled; and so shall be my Charge in House-keeping: I hope my Friends will find and put me to't.

Heart. For them, I'll be your Undertaker, Sir. But this is over-done! I don't like it.

Old. And for thy News, the Money that thou hast, is now thy own: I'll make it good to *Springlove*. Be sad with it, and leave me; for I tell thee I'll purge my House of stupid Melancholy.

Rand. I'll be as merry, as the Charge that's under me.

[*A confus'd Noise of Singing and Laughing without.*]

The *Beggars*, Sir! d'ye hear them in the Barn?

Old. I'll double their Allowance too; that they may double their Numbers, and increase their Noise.

Rand. Now you are so nigh, Sir, if you'll look in, I doubt not but you'll find 'em at their high Feast already.

Heart. Pray let's see 'em, Sir.

Old. With all my Heart.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E draws, and discovers the *Beggars*.

Re-enter Oldrents, Hearty and Randal.

All Beg. Bless his Worship! his good Worship! Bless his Worship!

1 Beg. Man. Come, Friends, let's give his Worship a Taste of our Mirth! ---- Hem! Let us sing the Part-Song that I made for you, that which contains all our Characters, I mean those we had in better Times: There is not such a Collection of Oddities, perhaps, in all *Europe*. ----- Hem! be silent there!

1 Beg.

AIR XVII.

1 Beg. Man. *I once was a Poet, at London,*
I keep my Heart still full of Glee ;
There's no Man can say that I'm undone,
For Begging's no new Trade to me.
 Tol derol, &c.

2 Beg. Man. *I was once an Attorney at Law,*
And after, a Knight of the Post :
Give me a brisk Wench in clean Straw,
And I value not who rules the Roast.
 Tol derol, &c.

3 Beg. Man. *Make room for a Soldier in Buff,*
Who valiantly strutted about ;
'Till he fancy'd the Peace breaking off,
And then he most wisely ---- sold out.
 Tol derol, &c.

4 Beg. Man. *Here comes a Courtier polite, Sir,*
Who flatter'd my Lord to his Face ;
Now Railing is all his Delight, Sir,
Because he miss'd getting a Place.
 Tol derol, &c.

5 Beg. Man. *I still am a merry Gut-Scraper,*
My Heart never yet felt a Qualm :
Tho' poor, I can frolick and vapour,
And sing any Tune, but a Psalm.
 Tol derol, &c.

6 Beg. Man. *I was a Fanatical Preacher,*
I turn'd up my Eyes when I pray'd ;
But my Hearers had half-starv'd their Teacher,
For they believ'd not one Word that I said.
 Tol derol, &c.

1 Beg. Man. *Whoe'er wou'd be merry and free,*
Let him list, and from us he may learn ;
In Palaces who shall you see,
Half so happy as we in a Barn !
 Tol derol, &c.

A Dance of Beggars.

Old. Good Heaven! how merry they are!

Heart. Be not you sad at that?

Old. Sad, *Hearty!* no; unless it be with Envy at their full Happiness. ---- What is an Estate of Wealth and Power, balanc'd with their Freedom?

Heart. I have not so much Wealth to weigh me down, nor so little, I thank Chance, as to dance naked.

All Beg. Bless his Worship! his good Worship! Bless his Worship!

[*Exeunt* Beggars.]

Heart. How think you, Sir? or what? or why d'ye think at all, unless on *Sack*, or Supper-time? D'ye fall back? D'ye not know the Danger of Relapses?

Old. Good, *Hearty!* thou mistak'st me: I was thinking upon this *Patrico*, and that he has more Soul than a born Beggar in him.

Heart. Rogue enough though, I warrant him.

Old. Pray forbear that Language.

Heart. Will you then talk of *Sack*, that can drown Sighing? Will you in to Supper, and take me there your Guest? or must I creep into the *Barn* among your welcome ones?

Old. You have rebuk'd me timely, and most friendly. [*Exit.*]

Heart. Wou'd all were well with him! [*Exit.* *Patrico follows.*]

Rand. It is with me.

A I R XVIII.

What, tho' these Guineas bright, Sir,
Be heavy in my Bag;
My Heart is still the Lighter,
The more my Pockets swag:
Let musty Fools
Find out by Rules
That Money Sorrow brings;
Yet none can think
How I love their Chink;
Alas, poor Things!

[*Exit.*]

S C E N E *the Fields.*

Enter Vincent and Hilliard in their Rags.

Hill. Is this the Life we admired in others, with Envy of their Happiness?

Vinc. Pray let us make a virtuous Use of it, by steering our Course Homewards. ----- Before I'll endure such another Night!

Hill.

Hill. What wou'dst thou do? I wish thy Mistres heard thee!

Vinc. I hope she does not; for I know there's no altering our Course before they make the first Motion: But 'tis strange we shou'd be weary already, and before their softer Constitution of Flesh and Blood.

Hill. They are the stronger in Will, it seems.

A I R XIX.

Tho' Women, 'tis true, are but tender,
Yet Nature does Strength supply:
Their Will is too strong to surrender,
They're obstinate still 'till they dye.
In vain you attack 'em with Reason,
Your Sorrows you only prolong;
Disputing is always High-Treason,
No Woman was e'er in the Wrong.
Your only Relief is to bear;
And when you appear content,
Perhaps, in Compassion, the Fair
May persuade herself into Consent.

Enter Springlove.

Spr. How, now, Comrades! repining already at your Fulness of Liberty? Do you complain of Ease?

Vinc. Ease, call'st thou it! Did'st thou sleep to-night?

Spr. Not so well these eighteen Months, I swear, since my last Walks.

Hill. Lightning and Tempest is out of thy Littany. Cou'd not the Thunder wake thee?

Spr. Ha, ha, ha!

Vinc. Nor the Noise of the Crew in the Quarter by us? Well! never did *Knights-Errant* in all Adventures, merit more of their Ladies, than we *Beggars-Errant*, or *Errant-Beggars*, do of ours.

Spr. The greater will be your Reward, think upon that: And shew no manner of Distaste to turn their Hearts from you: You are undone then.

Vinc. Are they ready to appear out of their Privy Lodgings in the Pigs Palace of Pleasure? Are they coming forth?

Spr. I left 'em almost ready, sitting on their Pads of Straw, helping to dress each other's Head; the one's Eye, is t'other's Looking-Glass; with the prettiest Coyle they keep to fit their Fancies in the most graceful Way of wearing their new Dressing, that you wou'd admire.

Vinc. I hope we are as gracefully set out, are we not?

Spr. Indifferent well. But will you fall to Practice? Let me hear how you can Maund, when you meet with Passengers.

Hill. We do not look like Men, I hope, too good to learn.

Spr. Let me instruct you, though. [Spring. *instructs them.*

Enter Rachel and Meriel in Rags.

Rach. Have a care, good *Meriel*; what Hearts or Limbs soever we have, and tho' never so feeble, let us set our best Faces on't, and laugh our last Gasp out, before we discover any Dislike, or Weariness to them. Let us bear it out 'till they complain first, and beg to carry us home *a-Pick-a-Pack*.

Mer. I am sorely tir'd with Hoofing it already, and so cramp't with our hard Lodging, in the Straw, that---

Rach. Think not on't. I am numm'd i'th' Shoulders too, a little; and have found the Difference between a hard Floor, with a little Straw, and a Down Bed with a Quilt upon't. But no Words, nor a fower Look, I pr'ythee.

Hill. O! here they are! Madam *Few-cloaths*, and my Lady *Bonny-rag*.

Vinc. Peace! they see us.

Rach. { Ha, ha, ha!

Mer. { Ha, ha, ha!

Vinc. We are glad the Object pleases you.

Rach. So does the Subject: Now you appear the Glories of the Spring, Darlings of *Phæbus*, and the Summer's Heirs.

A I R XX.

*Woe betide each tender Fair,
Who now beholds you, must adore ye.
Such a Shape and such an Air,
Must make each Beauty fall before ye.
Narcissus' Fate, and yours were one,
Cou'd you but your own Charms discover,
You'd die, as many a Fop has done,
Only of himself a Lover.*

Hill. { Ha, ha, ha!

Vinc. { Ha, ha, ha!

Rach. { Ha, ha, ha! We are glad you're so merry!

Mer. { Ha, ha, ha!

Vinc. Merry, and lusty too: This Night will we lye together, as well as the proudest Couple in the Barn.

Spr. What! do we come for this? Laugh and lye down when your Bellies are full! Remember, Ladies, you have not begg'd,

begg'd yet, to quit your *Destiny*: but have liv'd hitherto on my Endeavours.---Who got your Supper, pray, last Night, but I? of dainty Trencher-Fees from a Gentleman's House, such as the Serving-men themselves, sometimes wou'd have been glad of: And this Morning now, what comfortable Chippings, and sweet Butter-milk, had you to Breakfast!

Rach. Oh! 'twas excellent! I feel it good still, here.

Mer. There was a brown Crust amongst it, that has made my Neck so white, methinks! Is it not, *Rachel*?

Rach. Yes, yes, you gave me none on't; you ever covet to have all the Beauty.

A I R XXI.

No Woman her Envy can smother,
Tho' never so vain of her Charms;
If a Beauty she spies in another,
The Pride of her Heart it alarms,
New Conquests she still must be making,
Or Fancies her Power grown less:
Her poor little Heart is still aching,
At sight of another's Success.
But Nature design'd,
In love to Mankind,
That different Beauties should move,
Still pleas'd to ordain,
None ever shou'd reign,
Sole Monarch in Empire or Love.
Then learn to be wise,
New Triumphs despise,
And leave to your Neighbours their Due,
If one can't please,
You'll find by degrees,
You'll not be contented with two.

Vinc. They are pleass'd, and never like to be weary.

Hill. No more must we, if we'll be theirs.

Spr. Peace! here comes Passengers: Forget not your Rules, quickly disperse yourselves, and fall to your Calling. [Exeunt.

Enter Oliver.

Ol. Let me see! here am I sent by my Father, the worshipful Justice Clack in great Haste to Mr. Oldrents, in search of my Cousin Amie, who is run away with Martin, my Father's Clerk, and Hearty's Nephew, just when she shou'd have been coupled to another: My Business requires Haste; but my Pleasure,

sure, and all the Search that I intend is, by hovering here, to take a Review of a Brace of the handsomest Beggar-Wenches, that ever grac'd Ditch, or Hedge-side: I past by 'em in Haste, but something so possesses me, that I must-- What the Devil must I?----A Beggar! why, Beggars are Flesh and Blood, and Rags are no Diseases; and there is more wholsomer Flesh, under Country Dirt, than City Painting.

Enter Rachel and Meriel.

Oh! here they come! they are delicately skin'd and limb'd! now they spy me.

Rach. Sir, I beseech you look upon us with the Favour of a Gentleman. We are in a present Distress, and utterly unacquainted in these Parts, and therefore forc'd by the Calamity of our Misfortunes, to implore the Courtesy, or rather Charity, of those to whom we are Strangers.

Ol. Very fine, this!

Mer. Be therefore pleas'd, right noble Sir, not only valuing us by our outward Habits, which cannot but appear loathsome or despicable unto you, but as we are forlorn Christians, and in that Estimation, be compassionately mov'd to cast a Handful or two of your Silver, or a few of your golden Pieces unto us, to furnish us with Linen, and some decent Habiliments.

Ol. They beg in a high Strain! Sure they are mad, or bewitch'd into a Language they understand not---The Spirits of some decay'd Gentry talk in 'em, sure.

Rach. May we expect a gracious Answer from you, Sir?

Mer. And that as you can wish our Virgin Prayers to be propitious for you.

A I R XXII.

<i>Rach.</i>	<i>O! may your Mistres ne'er deny, The Suit, which you shall humbly move!</i>
<i>Mer.</i>	<i>And may the fairest Virgins vye, And be ambitious of your Love!</i>
<i>Rach.</i>	<i>If Honour lead,</i>
<i>Mer.</i>	<i>May you succeed,</i>
<i>Rach.</i>	<i>By Love inspir'd, with Conquest crown'd.</i>
<i>Mer.</i>	<i>And when you wed,</i>
<i>Rach.</i>	<i>Your Bridal Bed</i>
<i>Both.</i>	<i>With Wealth, and endles Joys abound.</i>

Ol. This exceeds all that ever I heard, and strikes me into Wonder. Pray tell me how long you have been Beggars? or how chanc'd you to be so?

Rach.

Rach. By Influence of our Stars, Sir.

Mer. We were born to no better Fortune.

Ol. How came you to talk, and sing thus? and so much above the Beggars Dialect?

Rach. Our Speech came naturally to us; and we ever lov'd to learn by Rote, as well as we cou'd.

Mer. And to be ambitious above the Vulgar, to ask more than common Alms, whate'er Men please to give us.

Ol. Sure some well-dispos'd Gentleman, as myself, got these Wenchies. They are too well grown to be my own, and I cannot be Incestuous with 'em.

Rach. Pray, Sir, your noble Bounty.

Old. What a tempting Lip that little Rogue moves there! and what an enticing Eye, the other!

A I R XXIII.

To Rach. Come hither pretty Maid, with a black rolling Eye:

Aside. What a Look was there! does all my Senses charm.

To Mer. Come hither pretty Dear, for I swear, I long to try A little, little Love, which will do thee, Child, no harm.

To Rach. That Air, that Grace,

To Mer. That lovely Milk-white Skin!

To both. { Oh! which shall I embrace?
 { Oh! where shall I begin!

Aside. { For if I stay
 { I both of them must wooe;
 { I had better run away,
 { Than deal at once with two.

What's this? a Flea upon thy Bosom?

Mer. Is it not a straw coloured one, Sir?

Old. O what a provoking Sin is there! That very Touch inflames me.

A I R XIV.

Rach. Can nothing, Sir, move you, our Sorrows to mend?

Have you nothing to give? Have you nothing to lend?

Mer. You see the sad Fate we poor Damsels endure,
Can't Charity move you to grant us a Cure?

Rach. My Heart does so heave, I'm afraid it will break!
Of Virtuals we've scarce had a Morsel this Week.

Mer. How hard is your Heart! how unkind is your Eye!
If nothing can move you, good Sir, to comply.

Both. How hard is your Heart, &c.

Rach.

Rach. Are you mov'd in Charity towards us yet?

Ol. Mov'd! I am mov'd; no Flesh and Blood more mov'd.

Mer. Then, pray Sir, your Benevolence.

Ol. Benevolence! which shall I be benevolent to? or which first? I am puzzled in the Choice. Wou'd some sworn Brother of mine were here to draw a Cut with me.

Rach. Sir, noble Sir.

Ol. First let me tell you, Damsels, I am bound by a strong Vow to kiss all of your Sex I meet this Morning.

Mer. Beggars and all, Sir!

Ol. All, all; let not your Coyneſſ crosses a Gentleman's Vow, I beseech you. [Kisses them both.]

Mer. You'll tell now.

Ol. Tell, quotha! I cou'd tell a thousand on those Lips, and as many upon those.-----What Life-restoring Breaths they have! Milk from the Cow steems not so sweetly.-----I must lay one of 'em aboard; both, if my Tackling hold.

Rach. { Sir! Sir!

Mer. {

Ol. But how to bargain, now, will be the Doubt: They that beg so high, as by the Handfuls, may expect for Price above the Rate of good Men's Wives.

Rach. Now will you, Sir, be pleas'd?

Ol. With all my Heart, Sweet! and I am glad thou know'st my Mind.---Here's Twelve-pence for you.

Rach. { We thank you, Sir!

Mer. {

Ol. That's but as Earneſt; I'll jest away the rest with you.---Look here! all this---Come, you know my Meaning.

A I R XXV.

Rach. Wou'd you hurt a tender Creature,
Whom your Charity shou'd save?

Mer. Is it in your gentle Nature
Thus to triumph o'er a Slave?

Rach. Eye, for shame, Sir!

Mer. You're to blame, Sir;

Can your Worship stoop so low?

Rach. Tho' you're above me,

Mer. 'Twill behovē me,

Still to anſwer, No, no, no!

Both. Still to anſwer, No, no, no.

Ol. Must you be drawn to't? then I'll pull. Come away.

Rach. { Ah! ah!

Mer. {

Enter

Enter Springlove, Vincent, and Hilliard.

Vinc. Let's beat his Brains out.

Ol. Come, leave your squeaking.

Spr. O! do not hurt 'em, Master.

Ol. Hurt 'em! I meant 'em but too well.-----Shall I be so prevented?

Spr. They be but young, and simple; and if they have offended, let not your Worship's own Hands drag 'em to the Law, or carry 'em to Punishment: Correct 'em not yourself, it is the *Beadle's Office*.

Ol. D'ye talk! Shag-rag?

Vinc. }
Hill. } Shag-rag.

[Offer to beat him with their Crutches; he runs off.

Rach. Look you here, Gentlemen, Six-pence a-piece!

Mer. Besides fair Offers, and large Promises. What have you got To-day, Gentlemen!

Vinc. More than (as we are Gentlemen) we wou'd have taken.

Hill. Yet we put it up in your Service.

Rach. } Ha, ha, ha! Switches and Kicks! Ha, ha, ha!
Mer. }

Spr. Talk not here of your Gettings, we must quit this Quarter: The eager Gentleman's Repulse may arm, and return him with Revenge upon us; we must therefore leap *Hedge*, and *Ditch*, 'till we escape out of this Liberty, to our next Rendezvous, where we shall meet the *Crew*, and then, *Hey tos!* and laugh all Night.

Mer. As we did last Night.

Rach. Hold out, *Meriel*.

Mer. Lead on, brave General.

Vinc. What shall we do? they are in Heart still: Shall we go on?

Hill. There's no flinching back, you see.

Enter Martin and Amie, in poor Habits.

Spr. Stay, here comes more Passengers; singe yourselves again, and fall to your Calling, discreetly.

Hill. I'll singe no more; if you'll beg in full Cry, I am for you.

Mer. Ay, that will be fine! let's charm altogether.

Spr. Stay first, and listen a little.

Mar. Be of good cheer, Sweetheart, we have escap'd hitherto, and I believe that all the Search is now retir'd, and we may safely pass forward.

Am. I should be safe with thee. But that's a most lying Proverb that says, *Where Love is, there is no Lack.* I am faint, and cannot travel further without Meat; and if you lov'd me, you wou'd get me some.

Mar. We'll venture at the next Village to call for some; the best is, we want no Money.

Am. We shall be taken then, I fear; I'll rather pine to Death.

A I R XXVI.

*The tuneful Lark, who from her Nest,
Ere yet well-fledg'd, is stol'n away,
With Care attended and caref'd,
She sometimes sings the live-long Day.
Yet still her native Fields she mourns,
Her Goaler hates, his Kindness scorns,
For Freedom pants, for Freedom burns.
That darling Freedom once obtain'd,
Unskill'd, untaught to search for Prey,
She mourns the Liberty she gain'd,
And hungry, pines her Hours away.
Helpless, the little Wand'rer flies,
Then homeward turns her longing Eyes,
And warbling out her Grief, she dies.*

Mar. Be not so fearful; who can know us in these Clownish Habits?

Am. Our Cloaths indeed are poor enough to beg with; wou'd I cou'd beg, so it were of Strangers that cou'd not know me, rather than buy of those that wou'd betray us.

Mer. And yonder be some that can teach us.

Spr. These are the young Couple of run-away Lovers dis-guis'd, that the Country is so laid for; observe, and follow now. Good loving Measter and Meestress, your blessed Charity to the Poor, who have no House, nor Home, no Health, no Help, but your sweet Charity.

Mer. No Bands, or Shirts, to keep us from the Cold.

Hill. No Smocks, or Petticoats to hide our Scratches.

Vinc. No Skin to our Flesh, nor Flesh to our Bones, shortly.

Rach. No Shoes to our Legs, or Hose to our Feet.

A I R XXVII.

Mer. Oh! turn your Eyes on me, and view my Distress!
Did you know my hard Fate, you would pity my Case.
Such a kind-hearted Gentleman sure wou'd grant
To a tender young Virgin, whate'er she did want.

AIR XXXVIII.

Hill. *Oh, hear my Story, gentle Lady,
I am a wealthy Farmer's Son ;
Who once was gay, and rich as may be,
But now by Love I am undone.
Reduc'd to Want and Wretchedness,
And starv'd must be,
Unless you grant to my Distress
Your Charity.*

AIR XXIX.

Vinc. *I like a Gentleman did live,
I ne'er did beg before ;
Some small Relief you sure might give,
That wou'd not make you poor.*

AIR XXX.

Rach. *My Daddy is gone to his Grave ;
My Mother lies under a Stone ;
And never a Penny I have,
Alas ! I am quite undone.
My Lodging is in the cold Air,
And Hunger is sharp, and bites ;
A little Sir, good Sir, spare,
To keep me warm o' Nights.*

Spr. Good worshipful Measter and Meestress-----

Mar. Good Friend, forbear, here's no Measter, nor Meestress, we are poor Folks ; thou seest no Worship upon our Backs, I'm sure ; and for within, we want as much as you, and would as willingly beg, if we knew how as well.

Spr. Alack for Pity ! you may have enough ; and what I have is yours, if you'll accept it. 'Tis wholesome Food, from a good Gentleman's Gate -----Alas ! good Meestress----much Good do your Heart ! How favourly she feeds.

Mar. What, do you mean to poison yourself ?

Am. Do you shew Love, in grudging me ?

Mar. Nay, if you think it hurts you not, fall to. I'll not beguile you. And here, mine Host, something towards your Reckoning.

Am. This Beggar is an Angel, sure !

Spr. Nothing by way of Bargain, gentle Master ; 'tis against Order, and will never thrive : But pray, Sir, your Reward in Charity.

Mar. Here then, in Charity.----This Fellow wou'd never make a good Clerk.

Spr. What! all this, Master?

Am. What is it? Let me see it.

Spr. 'Tis a whole silver Three-pence, Mistress.

Am. For Shame! ungrateful Miser. —— Here, Friend, a Golden Crown for thee.

Spr. Bountiful Goodness! Gold?

Am. I have robb'd thy Partners of their Shares too, there's a Crown more for them.

All. Duly and truly pray for you.

Mar. What have you done? less wou'd have serv'd; and your Bounty will betray us.

Am. Fy on your wretched Policy!

Spr. No, no, good Master; I knew you all this while, and my sweet Mistress too. And now I'll tell you, the Search is every way, the Country all laid for you, 'tis well you staid' here. Your Habits, were they but a little nearer our Fashion wou'd secure you with us. But are you married, Master and Mistress? Are you join'd in Matrimony? In Heart, I know you are. And I will (if it please you) for your great Bounty, bring you to a Curate that lacks no License, nor has any Living to lose, that shall put you together.

Mar. Thou art a heavenly Beggar!

Spr. But he is so scrupulous, and severely precise, that unless you, Mistress, will affirm that you are with Child by the Gentleman, that you have at least slept together, he will not marry you. But if you have lain together, then 'tis a Case of Necessity, and he holds himself bound to do it.

Mar. You may say you have.

Am. I would not have it so, nor make that Lye against my self, for all the World.

A I R XXXI.

*Is there on Earth a Pleasure,
Dearer than Virtue's Fame?
In vain's the real Treasure,
When we have lost the Name.*

*Then let each Maid maintain it,
'Twill ask the nicest Care;
Once lost, she'll ne'er regain it,
All, all is then Despair.*

Spr. That I like well, and her exceedingly. [Aside.
Mar. I'll do that for thee, ---- thou shalt never beg more.]

Spr.

Spr. That cannot be purchas'd scarce, for the Price of your Mistress. Will you walk, Master? ----- We use no Compliments.

All. Duly and truly pray for you.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE Oldrents' House.

Enter Oldrents and Hearty.

Heart. Come, come, Sir, this House is grown too melancholy for you, we must e'en vary the Scene, and pay a Visit to your merry Neighbour Justice Clack; his good Humour will strengthen mine and help me drive old Care away.

Old. Good Hearty you have kindly undertaken my Cure, and shall find me a tractable Patient.

Heart. T'other old Song for that, and then for the Justice.

A I R XXXII.

*I made love to Kate, long I sigh'd for she,
'Till I heard of late she'd a mind to me,
I met her on the Green in her best Array,
So pretty she did seem, she stole my Heart away;
Oh then we kiss'd and press'd, were we much to blame?
Had you been in my Place you'd have done the same.*

*As I fonder grew she began to prate,
Quoth she, I'll marry you, if you will marry Kate;
But then I laugh'd and swore I lov'd her more than so,
For tied each to a Rope's end 'tis tugging too and fro:
Again we kiss'd and press'd, were we much to blame,
Had you been in my Place, you'd have done the same.*

*Then she sigh'd and said, she was wond'rous sick,
Dicky Katy led, Katy she led Dick,
Long we toy'd and play'd, under yonder Oak,
Katy lost the Game, though she play'd in joke;
For there we did alas! what I dare not name,
Had you been in my Place, you'd have done the same.*

Fal, fal, &c.

The End of the Second Act.



ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE a Wood.

Enter Amie, Rachel, and Meriel.

Am. WELL, Ladies, my Confidence in you, that you are the same that you have protested yourselves to be, hath so far won upon me, that I confess myself well-affected both to the Mind and Person of that *Springlove*; and if he be (as fairly as you pretend) a Gentleman, I shall easily dispence with Fortune.

Rach. { He is a Gentleman, upon our Honours !
Mer. {

Am. How well that high Engagement suits your Habits !

Rach. Our Minds and Blood are still the same.

Am. I have past no Affiance to the other, that stole me from my Guardian, and the Match he wou'd have forc'd me to; from which I would have fled with any, or without a Guide. Besides, to offer to marry me under a Hedge, without a Book or Ring, by the Chaplain of the Beggars Regiment, your *Patrico*, only to save Charges, was a Piece of Gallantry I shall not easily excuse.

Rach. I have not seen the Wretch these three Hours; whither is he gone ?

Am. He told me, to fetch Horse, and fit Raiment for us, so to Post me hence; but I think it was to leave me on your Hands.

Mer. He has taken some great Distaste sure, for he is very jealous.

Rach. Ay ! didst thou mark what a wild Look he cast, when *Springlove* tumbled her, and kiss'd her on the Straw this Morning ?

AIR XXXIII.

*Jealousy, like a Canker-worm,
Nips the tender Flower of Love ;
Jealousy, raging like a Storm
Pray'rs can't mollify, Tears can't move.
Love is the Root of Pleasures and Joys ;
Jealousy all its Fruit destroys :
Tis Love, Love, Jealousy, Love,
Our Heav'n or Hell still prove.*

Enter Springlove, Vincent, and Hilliard.

But who comes here ?

Spr. O Ladies ! you have left as much Mirth as would have filled up a Week of Holidays.

[*Springlove takes Amie aside, and courts her in a genteel way.*
Vinc. I am come about again for the Beggar's Life, now.

Rach. You are ! I'm glad on't.

Hill. There is no Life, but it.

Rach. I am glad you are so taken with your Calling.

Mer. We are no less, I assure you ; we find the Sweetness of it now.

Rach. The Mirth ! the Pleasure ! the Delights ! No Ladies live such Lives.

AIR XXXIV.

*Tho' Ladies look gay, when of Beauty they boast,
And Misers are envy'd when Wealth is enreas'd ;
The Vapours oft kill all the Joys of a Toast ;
And the Miser's a Wretch, when he pays for the Feast.
The Pride of the Great, of the Rich, of the Fair,
May Pity bespeak, but Envy can't move ;
My Thoughts are no farther aspiring,
No more my fond Heart is desiring,
Than Freedom, Content, and the Man that I love.*

Vinc. They will never be weary.

Hill. Whether we seem to like, or to dislike, all's one to them.

Vinc. We must do something to be taken by, and discover'd, we shall never be ourselves, and get home again else.

[*Springlove and Amie come to the rest.*
Spr. I am yours for ever. Well, Ladies, you have mist rare Sport ; these Beggars lead such merry Lives, as all the World might

might envy. But here they come ; their Mirth few partake of, tho' their Vocation is in some measure practis'd by all Mankind.

Enter all the Beggars.

A I R XXXV.

Hill. *That all Men are Beggars, you plainly may see,*
For Beggars there are of ev'ry Degree,
Tho' none are so blest, or so happy as we.
 Which no body can deny.

Vinc. *The Tradesman, he begs that his Wares you wou'd buy ;*
Then begs you'd believe the Price is not high ;
And swears 'tis his Trade, when he tells you a Lye.
 Which no body can deny.

Hill. *The Lawyer he begs you wou'd give him a Fee,*
Tho' he reads not your Brief, and regards not your Plea ;
Then advises your Foe how to get a Decree.
 Which no body can deny.

Mer. *The Courtier, he begs for a Pension, a Place,*
A Ribbon, a Title, a Smile from his Grace,
'Tis due to his Merit, is writ in his Face.
 Which no body shou'd deny.

Rach. *But if by mishap, he shou'd chance to get none,*
He begs you'd believe that the Nation's undone ;
There's but one honest Man--- And himself is that One.
 Which no body dares deny.

Am. *The fair One, who labours whole Mornings at home,*
New Charms to create, and much Pains to consume,
Yet begs you'd believe 'tis her natural Bloom.
 Which no body shou'd deny.

Hill. *The Lover he begs the dear Nymph to comply,*
Sbe begs he'd be gone ; but ber languishing Eye
Still begs he wou'd stay---for a Maid she can't die.
 Which none but a Fool wou'd deny.

Enter Patrico.

Pat. Alack and Welladay ! this is no time to sing, our Quarter is beset, we are all in the Net ; leave off your merry Glee.

Spr. Why, what's the Matter ?

Within.

Within. Bing awaft, bing awaft; the Quear Cove, and the Harman-beck.

Spr. We are beset indeed! What shall we do?

Vinc. I hope we shall be taken.

Hill. If the good Hour be come, welcome be the Grace of good Fortune.

Enter Sentwell, Constable, Watch. *The Crew* slip away.

Sent. Beset the Quarter round; be sure that none escape.

Spr. Bleffed Maſter, to a many distressed.----

Sent. A many counterfeit Rogues! so frolick and so lamentable all in a Breath? You were dancing and singing but now, incorrigible Vagabonds! If you expect any Mercy, own the Truth; we are come to search for a young Lady, an Heireſs, among you; Where is ſhe? What have you done with her?

Am. Who do you want, Mr. *Sentwell*?

Sent. Precious! How did my Haste overſee her! O Miftress *Amie!* cou'd I, or your Uncle, Justice *Clack*, a wifer Man than I, ever ha' thought to have found you in ſuch Company?

Am. Of me, Sir, and my Company, I have a Story to delight you, which on our March towards your House, I will relate to you.

Sent. And thither will I lead you as my Guest,
But to the Law furrender all the reſt.

I'll make your Peace.

Am. We muſt fare all alike. [Exeunt *Sent.* and *Amie*.]

Hill. Pray how are we to fare.

Rach. That's as you behave.

[Smiling.]

A I R XXXVI.

Hill. Sure, by that Smile my Pains are over!

Don't be too ſure.

Hill. Wou'd you then kill a faithful Lover?

Wait for your Cure.

Hill. Women, regardless of our Fate,

Often prove kind, but kind too late.

Rach. Women, alas! too ſoon furrender!

That I deny.

Rach. Men oft betray a Heart too tender,

Take me and try.

Rach. Love is a Tyrant, under whose Sway,

They ſuffer leaſt, who beſt obey.

Both. Love is, &c.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE Justice Clack's House.

Enter Justice Clack, and Martin.

Cla. I have forgiven you, provided that my Niece be safely taken, and so to be brought home safely, I say; that is to say, unstain'd, unblemish'd, undishonour'd; that is to say, with no more Faults, Criminal, or Accusative, than those she carried with her

Mar. Sir, I believe-----

Cla. Nay, if we both speak together, how shall we hear one another? You believe her Virtue is Armour of Proof, without your Council or your Guard, and therefore you left her in the Hands of Rogues and Vagabonds, to make your own Peace with me: You have it, provided, I say (as I said before) that she be safe; that is to say, uncorrupted, undefiled; that is to say-----as I said before.

Mar. Mine Intent, Sir, and my only way-----

Cla. Nay, if we both speak together, how shall we hear one another?

Enter Sentwell.

O Master Sentwell! good News!

Sent. Of Beggarly News, the best you have heard.

Cla. That is to say, you have found my Niece among the Beggars; that is to say---

Sent. True, Sir, I found her among them. And they were contriving to act a Play among themselves, just as we surpriz'd 'em, and spoil'd their Sport.

Cla. A Play! are there Players among 'em. I'll pay them above all the rest.

Enter Randal.

Rand. Sir, my Master, Mr. Oldrents, and his Friend, Mr. Hearty, are come to wait upon you, and are impatient to behold the Mirror of Justices; and if you come not at once, twice, thrice! he's gone.

Cla. Good Friend, I will satisfy your Master, without telling him---he has a saucy Knave to his Man. [Exit Clack.

Rand. Thank your Worship.

Sent. Do you hear, Friend, you serve Master Oldrents.

Rand. I cou'd ha' told you that.

Sent. Your Name is Randal.

Rand.

Rand. Are you so wise ?

Sent. Ay ; and the two young Ladies, your Master's Daughters, with their Lovers, are hard by, at my House. They directed me to find you, *Randal*, and bring you to 'em.

Rand. Whaw, whaw, whaw, whaw ! --- Why do we not go then ?

Sent. But secretly, not a Word to any Body, for a Reason I'll tell you.

Rand. Mum.----

A I R XXXVII.

*The greatest Skill in Life,
For avoiding Noise and Strife,
Is to know when a Man shou'd be Dumb, dumb, dumb.
When a Knave to gain his End,
Sifts you to betray your Friend,
Let your Answer be only, Mum, mum, mum.
Wou'd you try to persuade
A pretty, pretty Maid,
As ripe as a Peach, or a Plumb, Plumb, Plumb ?
You've nothing more to do,
But to swear you will be true,
And then you may kiss ! but---Mum, mum, mum. [Exeunt.*

Enter Clack, Oldrents, Hearty, Oliver, and Martin.

Cla. A-hay ! Boy ; A-hay ! this is right ; that is to say, as I wou'd have it : that is to say---A-ha ! Boys ! a-hay ! they are as merry without, as we are within. A-hay ! Master *Oldrents*, and A-hay ! Master *Hearty* ! and A-hay ! Son *Oliver* ! and A-hay ! Clerk *Martin* ! Clerk *Martin* ! the Virtue of your Company turns all to Mirth and Melody ; with a-hay trollolly, lolly, lolly, is't not so, Master *Hearty* ?

A I R XXXVIII.

Heart. There was a Maid, and she went to the Mill,
Sing Trolly, lolly, lolly, lolly, lo.

The Mill turn'd round, but the Maid stood still.

Cla. Oh ho ! did she so ? did she so ? did she so ?

Hear. The Miller he kiss'd her, away she went ;
Sing Trolly, &c.

The Maid was well pleas'd, and the Miller content.

Cla. Oh ho ! was he so, &c.

Heart. *He danc'd, and he sung, while the Mill went Clack ;*

Singing Trolly, &c.

And he cherish'd his Heart with a Cup of old Sack ;

Cla. *Oh ho ! did he so, &c.*

Old. Why, thus it shou'd be ! now I see you are a good Fellow.

Cla. Again Boys, again ; that is to say. A-hay, Boys ! a-hay !---

Old. But is there a Play to be expected and acted by Beggars ?

Cla. That is to say, by Vagabonds ; that is to say, by stroling Players ; they are upon their Purgation ; if they can present any thing to please you, they may escape the Law ; that is, (A-hay !) if not, to-morrow, Gentlemen, shall be acted, Abuses stript and whipt among 'em ; with a-hay, Master *Hearty*, you are not merry.

Enter Sentwell.

And a-hay ! Master *Sentwell*, where are your *Dramatis Personæ* ? your *Prologus* ? and your *Actus Primus* ? Ha' they given you the Slip, for fear of the Whip ? A-hay !

Sent. A Word aside, an't please you.

[Sentwell takes Clack aside, and gives him a Paper.

Cla. Send 'em in Master *Sentwell*. [Exit Sent.] Sit, Gentlemen, the Players are ready to enter ; and here's a Bill of their Plays ; you may take your Choice.

Old. Are they ready for them all in the same Cloaths ? Read 'em, good *Hearty*.

Heart. First, here's *The Two lost Daughters*.

Old. Put me not in mind of the two lost Daughters, I pr'y-thee. What's the next ?

Heart. *The Vagrant Steward*.

Old. Nor of a Vagrant Steward ; sure some Abuse is meant me !

Heart. *The Old Squire, and the Fortune-Teller*.

Old. That comes nearer me ; away with it.

Heart. *The Beggar's Prophecy*.

Old. All these Titles may serve to one Play of a Story that I know too well, I'll see none of them.

Heart. Then here's the *Jovial Crew*.

Old. Ay, that ; and let 'em begin.

See, a most solemn Prologue !

Enter

Enter a Beggar, for the Prologue.

A I R XXXIX.

Beg. To Knight, to Squire, and to the Genteels here
 We wish our Play may with Content appear ;
 We promise you no dainty Wit of Court,
 Nor City Pageantry, nor Country Sport ;
 But a plain Piece of Action, very short and sweet,
 In Story true, you'll know it when you see't. Exit.

Old. True Stories, and true Jests, do seldom thrive on Stages.

Cla. They are best to please you with this tho', or, A-hay ! with a Whip for them to-morrow.

Old. Nay, rather than they shall suffer, I will be pleas'd, let 'em play their worst.

Enter Patrico, with 1st Beggar, habited like Oldrents.

See our Patrico among 'em.

Pat. Your Children's Fortunes I have told,
 Now hear the Reason why ;
 That they shall beg, ere they be old,
 Is their just Destiny.

Your Grandfather, by crafty Wile,
 An Heir of half his Lands,
 By shameless Fraud did much beguile,
 Then left them to your Hands.

1 Beg. That was no Fault of mine, nor of my Children.

Old. Dost note this, *Hearty* ?

Heart. You said you wou'd be pleas'd, let 'em play their worst.

[1st Beggar walks sadly, beats his Breast, &c.]

Enter 2d Beggar, drest like Hearty, and seems to comfort him.

Old. It begins my Story, and by the same Fortune-teller that told me my Daughters Fortunes, almost in the same Words ; and he speaks in the Play to one that Personates me, as near as they can set him forth.

Cla. How like you it, Sir ? You seem displeas'd ; shall they be whip'd yet ? A-hay ! if you say the Word--- -

Old.

Old. O ! by no means, Sir; I am pleas'd.

2 Beg. Sad, for the Words of a base Fortune-teller ? Believe him ! hang him ; I'll trust none of 'em. They have all Whims, and double Meanings in all they say.

Old. Whom does he talk, or look like, now ?

Heart. It is no matter whom ; you are pleas'd, you say.

2 Beg. Ha' you no Sack i'th' House ? Am not I here ? And never without a merry old Song.

A I R XL.

*Old Sack, and old Songs, and a merry old Crew,
Will fright away Cares, when the Ground looks blue.*

And can you think on Gypsy Fortune-tellers ?

1 Beg. I'll think as little of 'em as I can.

2 Beg. Will you abroad then ? But here comes your Steward.

Enter Springlove, as an Actor.

Old. Bless me ! is not that Springlove ?

Heart. Is that you, that talks to him ; or that Coxcomb, I, do you think ? Pray let 'em play their Play ; the Justice will not hinder 'em, you see ; he's asleep.

Spr. Here are the Keys of all my Charge, Sir ; and my humble Suit is, that you will be pleas'd to let me walk upon my known Occasions this Summer.

1 Beg. Fie ! can't not yet leave off those Vagrancies ? But I will strive no more to alter Nature. I will not hinder thee, nor bid thee go.

Old. My own Words at his Departure.

Heart. No Matter ; pray attend.

1 Beg. Come, Friend, I'll take your Council.

[*Exeunt Beggars.*]

Spr. I've striven with myself, to alter Nature in me
For my good Master's Sake, but all in vain ;
For Beggars (Cuckow-like) fly out again
In their own Notes, and Season.

Enter Rachel, Meriel, Vincent, and Hilliard.

Rach. Our Father's Sadness will not suffer us
To live in's House.

Mer. And we must have a Progres.

Vinc. The Assurance of your Love hath engaged us.

Hill. We are determin'd to wait on you in any Course.

Rach.

Rach. Suppose we'll go a Begging !

Hill. We are for you.

Spr. And that must be your Course, and suddenly,
To cure your Father's Sadness, who is told
It is your Destiny, which you may quit,
By making it a Trick of Youth, and Wit,
I'll set you in the Way.

All. But how? but how?

[All talk aside.]

Old. My Daughters, and their Lovers too! I see the Scope of
their Design, and the whole Drift of all their Action now, with
Joy and Comfort.

Heart. But take no Notice yet; see a Whim more of it. But
the mad Rogue that acted me, I must make drunk, anon.

Spr. Now are you all resolv'd?

All. Agreed, agreed.

Spr. You beg to absolve your Fortune, not for Need.

[Exeunt.]

Old. I must commend their Act in that; pr'ythee let's call
'em, and end the Matter here. The Purpose of their Play is
but to work my Friendship, or their Peace with me, and they
have it.

Heart. But see a little more, Sir.

Enter Randal.

Ol. My Man Randal too! Has he a Part with 'em?

Ran. They were well set to Work when they made me a
Player! What is that I must say? And how must I act now?
Oh! that I must be Steward for the Beggars in Master Steward's
Absence, and tell my Master he's gone to measure Land for
him to purchase.

Old. You, Sir, leave the Work, you can do no better and
call the Actors back again to me.

Ran. With all my Heart, and glad my Part is so soon done.

[Exit.]

Enter Patrico.

Pat. Since you will then break off our Play.

Something in Earnest I must say;
But let affected Rhiming go;
I'll be no more a Patrico.

My Name is Wrought-on-----Grandson to that unhappy
Wrought-on, whom your Grandfather craftily wrought out of
his Estate, by which all his Posterity were since expos'd to Beg-
gary. [Patrico takes Oldrents aside.] I had a Sister, who a-
mong the Race of Beggars was the fairest; a Gentleman by
her,

40 *The Jovial Crew.*

her, in Heat of Youth, did get a Son, who now must call you Father.

Old. Me ?

Pat. Yet attend me, Sir ; your Bounty then dispos'd your Purse to her, in which, besides
Much Money (I conceive by your Neglect)
Was thrown this Jewel : Do you know it ?

Old. The Bracelet that my Mother gave me !
Does the young Man live ?

Enter Springlove, Vincent, Hilliard, Rachel, and Meriel.

Pat. Here, with the rest of your fair Children, Sir.

Old. My Joy begins to be too great within me.
My Blessing, and a Welcome to you all ;
Be one another's and you all are mine.

Vinc. } We are agreed on that.
Hill. }

Rach. Long since ; we only stay'd till you shook off your Sadness.

Old. Now I can read the Justice of my Fate, and yours.----

Cla. Ha ! Justice ? Are they handling of Justice ?

Old. But more applaud great Providence in both.

Cla. Are they jeering of Justices ? I watch'd for that.

Heart. Ay, so methought : no, Sir, the Play is done.

Enter Sentwell, Amie, and Oliver.

Sent. See, Sir, your Niece presented to you.

[*Springlove takes Amie.*

Cla. What, with a Speech by one of the Players ? Speak, Sir, and be not daunted, I am favourable.

Spr. Then, by your Favour, Sir, this Maiden is my Wife.

Cla. Sure you are out o' your Part ! that is to say, you must begin again.

Spr. She's mine by solemn Contract, Sir.

A I R XLI.

Amie. Alas ! Sir, I have prov'd your Clown,
Ey'd him,
Try'd him,
But must own,
So wretched a Mortal ne'er was known ;
I had been with him undone.

*If I must in Bondage be,
To chuse my Chains at least I'm free ;
Since I am willing
To be Billing,
Here's the Man, the Man for me.*

Cla. You will not tell me that : Are not you my Niece ?

Am. I dare not, Sir, deny't ; we are contracted.

Cla. Nay, if we both speak together, how shall we hear one another ?

Old. Hear me then for all. This Gentleman that shall marry your Niece, is my Son, on whom I will settle a thousand Pounds a Year, to make the Match equal.---Do you hear me now ?

Cla. Now I do hear you, and must hear you ; that is to say, It is a Match ; that is to say----as I said before.

Spr. [To Oldrents.] Now, on my Duty, Sir, I'll beg no more, but your continual Love, and daily Blessing.

Rach. You, Sir, [to Oliver] are the Gentleman that wou'd have made Beggar's Sport with us. Two at once.

Mer. Two, for a Shilling.

A I R XLII.

Rach. *What hastle you were in to be doing,
When two at a Time you were wooing ;
You Men are so keen,
When once you begin,
You fancy you ne'er shall have done.*

*What hastle you were in to be billing,
With two at a Time for a Shilling ;
Yet quickly you'd find,
If any prov'd kind ;
You'd Work enough meet with One.*

Oliv. There are some Misunderstandings have happen'd ; but, I hope, we are all Friends.

Old. Ay, ay, we are all Friends, and shall continue so ; and to shew we are Friends, let us be merry : and to shew we are merry, let us have a Song, and afterwards, a Dance.

AIR XLIII.

Hearty, To the Men.

*Now then, tell him fairly,
You will love 'em dearly,
May each of them be yearly.
Mother of a Boy.*

To the Women.

*Ladies fair, adieu t'ye,
Manage well your Beauty,
Keep your Spouses true t'ye;
Be their only Joy.*

To Oldrents.

*Come, my Lads, be merry,
Bring us Sack and Sherry;
Call the Pipe and Tabor;
Now, Sir, cut a Caper:
Here ends all your Labour.*

*This happy Wedding Day.
Come, my Lads, &c.*

A Country Dance.

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F I N I S.

